

11591 21 43

A

GARLAND,

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1. The dumb Wife and the Doctor.
2. Young Jockey, a new Song.
3. The Lais that liked Powder.
4. Farmers Daughter.
5. The Grey Meal Pock.



The dumb Wife and the Doctor.

THERE was a roving Blade, and he woo'd a Country Maid,

And he safely conducted her home, home, home;
She was neat in every part and pleas'd him to the heart,
But hogh and a lee she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could shape and sew, she could bake and brew,
She could sweep a house with a broom, broom, broom,
She could wash and wring, or do any kind of thing,
But hogh and a lee she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he went, to give himself content,
O doctor can you cure my wife of the mum, mum,
mum,

It is an easy part, which belongs unto my art,
To make a woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb,

The doctor he did bring, what did cut her chattering string,

At liberty he set her tongue, tongue, tongue.
Then she began to walk, her tongue began to talk,
As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

At morning when she rose, she fill'd the house with noise,

And rattled in his ears, like a drum, drum, drum.
With scolding and strife, he grew weary of life,
And would give any thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor he did go, with a heart full of woe,
O doctor you have me undone, done, done;

My wife is turned scold, her tongue she cannot hold,
I would give any thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

I did undertake, to make your wife to speak,
It was a thing easily done, done, done;
But it's past the art of man, let him do all he can,
To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue,
tongue.

Young Jockey, a new Song.

AS Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
So blithe and so pleasant was the air,
He overtook a maid that was going that way,
And her face was all clouded with care.

He ask'd her what made her look mopish and sad,
Or what was the cause of her pain,
Says she, I have lost my very best lad,
And I never shall see him again,
And I never shall see him again.

Is he gone to the wars for these many long years,
Is that all that troubles you so,
Or is he dead and laid under the earth,
Where you and I surely must go?

O no says the maid with a long wishing smile,
From me he is quite gone away,
He's gone over the mountains to some other, quoth she,
And so therefore I cannot be gay,
And so therefore I cannot be gay.

Is that all says Jockey that troubles you so,
 Is that all the cause of your pain,
 But since he is gone away let him go,
 Never mind such a false hearted swain;

So take your lad, he's a lad of true heart,
 Which kind fortune has thrown in your way,
 He'll drown all your sorrows and vanquish your smart,
 He's ready to do all you say,
 He's ready to do all you say.

He wip'd her bright eyes and he sung her a song,
 And he whispered a word in her ear,
 He talk'd about love as he saunter'd along,
 And she thought him a lad worth her care.

The damsel seem'd pleas'd the stranger to enjoy,
 Young Jockey the swain more hold,
 The swain he grew bolder, the damsel grew kind,
 So he brought the false swain from her mind,
 So he brought the false swain from her mind.

The Lass that liked Powder.

A BONNY lass went down the glen gathering her
 cattle,
 I bent my bow to shoot at her, but I could not come at
 her,
 Hearty ow, ridd'lum dow,
 Hearty o'er the Launder.

Ay the nearer that she came, ay she sang the louder,
 I like the young man unco weel, but O! he's scant o'
 powder.
 Hearty ow, &c.

I went unto a neighb'ring man to tell him my condition,
And how I sore defeated was for want of ammunition,
Hearty ow, &c.

Hold your tongue young man he says, suppose that you
have got scorn,
Perhaps you may meet with her and powder have in your
horn.
Hearty ow, &c.

The next time that he met with her was where the rip'n-
ing corn grew ;
Chear up my bonny lass I've powder in my horn now,
Hearty ow, &c.

He's ta'en her by the middle small and on the ground
has laid her,
And he has ta'en his will of her before that she did gather.
Hearty ow, &c.

When the lassie she arose and saw the ground around her,
She ru'd that e'er she said the like, the laddie lik'd the
powder.
Hearty ow, &c.

When twenty weeks were come and gone she grew sick
and weary ;
When forty weeks were come and gone she sent for her
deary ;
Hearty ow, &c.

When he came into the room and saw the wives about
her,
She's not so bad as I cou'd wish, she said I lik'd powder,
Hearty ow, &c.

When I us'd to carry a gun it was upon my shoulder,
The lock was weak and wou'd not fire, and all for want
of powder.

Hearty ow, ridd'lum dow,

Hearty o'er the Lauder,

Farmer's Daughter.

MY name it is Jane my age is fifteen,
My father's a farmer, he lives on the plain,
Of money he has plenty which makes me sa bra,
Yet there's ne'er a bonny laddie will take me awa.

Each morning I rise I make myself clean,
With ruffles and rings and every thing fine,
With fine hair cushions and French curls twa,
Yet there's ne'er a bonny laddie will take me awa.

Round my fair neck I wear garters most fine,
The lads might easily view my white skin,
My skin is as white as the fine driven snaw,
But ne'er a bonny laddie will take me awa.

My barrel breast stays they are laced so strait,
With bobs plaits and fringes down to my feet,
My apron is made with a fine sabala,
And ne'er a bonny laddie will take me awa.

My shoes are made of the lasting so strong,
And I am admired by both old and young,
A sixpence would cover my heels they're so sma,
Yet there's ne'er a bonny laddie will take me awa.

Nine times a day I do look at my glafs,
I think in my self I am a fine lass,
Then with a loud laugh I give a gofa-a,
Yet ne'er a bonny laddie will take me away.

My fine holland smock I'd almost forgot,
Without any stanin without any spot,
The weaver said he ne'er wrought one sae sma,

Yet nae bonny laddie will take me awa.

My barrel breast stays they are laced so strait,
From under my petticoats playing bo peep,
My stockings are made of the cotton so sma,
Yet no bonny laddie will take me awa.

Of all education I'm sure I've the best,
For I can make every thing up to the taste,
I can weave laces and dress them so sma,
Yet ne'er a bonny laddie will take me awa.

Each Sabbath at church I'm sure to be there,
Our priest ne'er mentions in preaching nor prayer,
In preaching nor prayer there's nae word awa,
To order young men to take lasses awa.

And when I come home my mother does cry,
For as braw as you're bucket the lads pass you by,
Before I was your age I had lads twenty twa,
Yet nae bonny laddie will take you awa.

These words of my mother doth make me mad,
To think that I am courted by never a lad,
The day will come when this will end a,
When some bonny laddie will take me awa.

And when I am married I'll do what I can,
To make a good wife and please my goodman,
Perhaps we may have a child in one year or twa,
Then I'll bless the day I was taken awa.

Be not offended at what I have said,
I'm sure 'tis the wishes of every young maid,
I'm sure it is the wishes of both one and a,
That some bonny laddie would take me awa.

The Gray Meal Pock.

ALL young men to raking inclined
Who leads a single life, O,
Do not stay too late in the wine tavern,
Nor marrie too young a wife, O.

In case you should sing as I do say,
 And learn your wife to wrong you,
 Perhaps the day you soon will see,
 Full sore your wife will bang you.

My wife goes to her neighbour's house,
 Drinking her beer and ale O,
 And I poor man must stay at home,
 Dare hardly prie the kail O.

She eats the beef gives me the bones,
 Full sore my wife she wrongs me,
 And for one kick of the grey meal pock,
 Ten thousand she lays on me.

My wife she goes to her neighbour's house,
 Leaves me an empty study,
 I laid my hand to the grey meel pock,
 And vow but it was bonny.

My wife came baring in the door,
 And on the floor she flung me,
 And for one lick of the grey meal pock,
 Ten thousand she laid on me.

At even when I go to my bed,
 She gars me scart my toes a,
 She rolls the sheet about my head,
 With her two heels she bangs me.

Instead of kissing I get kicking,
 Full sore my wife she wrongs me,
 My wife sits on her cushion chair,
 Sewing a silken seam O,
 And I poor man labouring all day long,
 Dare hardly prie the kail O.

When I come in at noon
 I bid good e'en my dame O.
 Before I had my bonnet of,
 She had up the mell to fell me.

F I N I S.

Printed by